

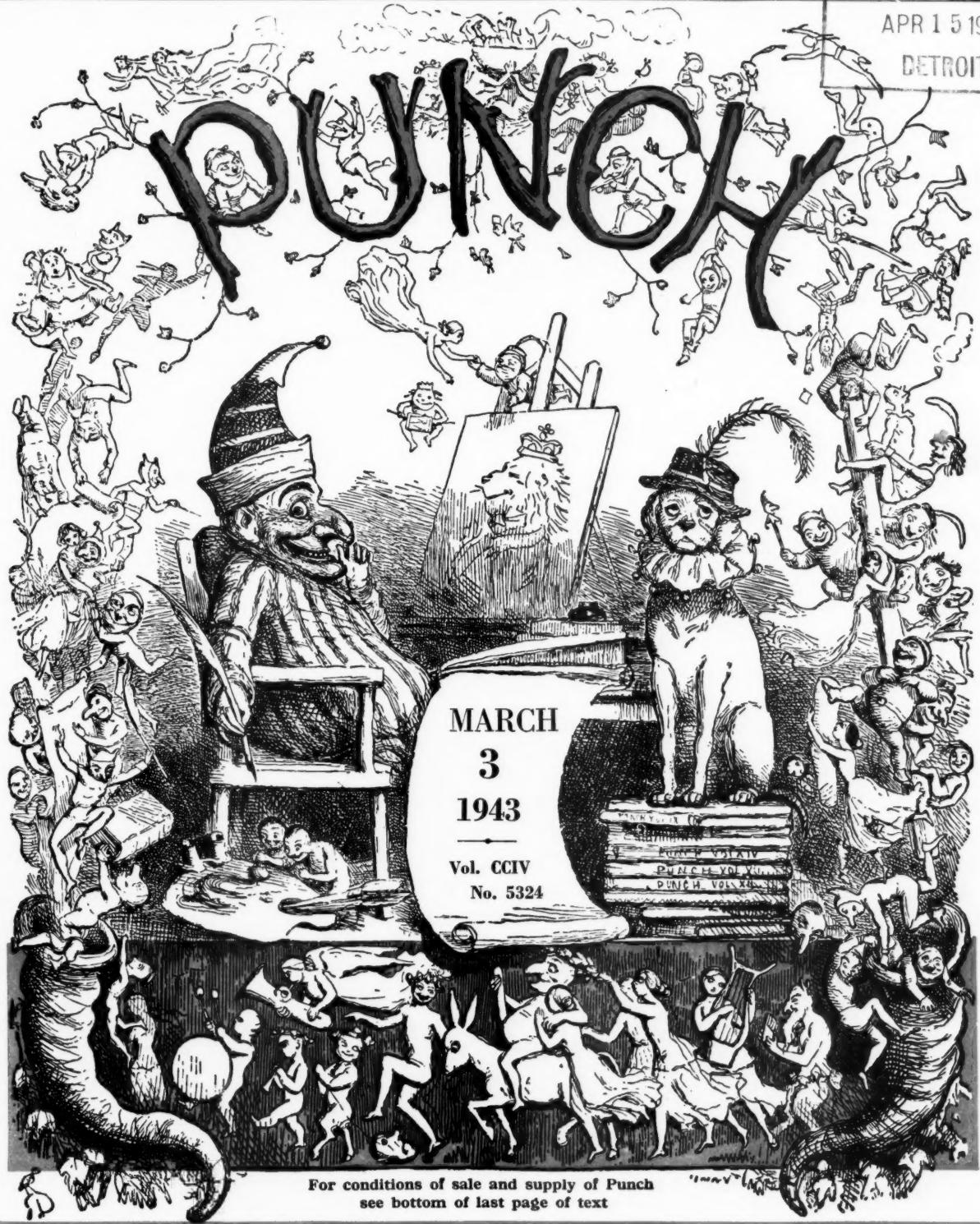
★ Remember **CADBURY** means quality

Periodical

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DETROIT



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CORPORATION LTD.
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Gas contributes to our daily lives in many ways. Gas helps to win the Battle for Fuel by providing half a ton of coke from every ton of coal used in the gas works. Gas-making releases other priceless by-products, from which a thousand and one familiar articles are produced—from the tar for our roads and the flavourings for our foods to explosives, plastics and the homely aspirin tablet.

But for the Gas Industry, the land would never bear such bumper crops. Among the most important by-products of gas-making are agricultural fertilisers, 80,000 tons of which are produced every year by the Gas Industry.

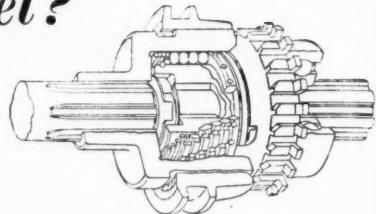
Just now gas and its precious by-products are needed most for war purposes. Do YOUR bit in the Battle for Fuel by burning less gas.

HOW TO SAVE GAS

Ask for helpful pamphlets at your Gas Showrooms or from British Commercial Gas Association, 1, Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1.



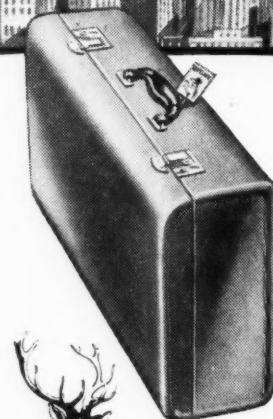
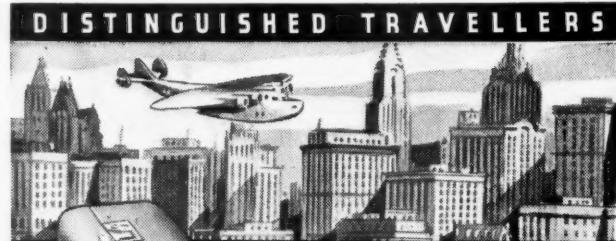
When is a
four-five like a
freewheel?



The .455—popularly known as the 'four-five'—is of course the famous Webley Revolver, familiar to officers of H.M. Forces all over the world. But nowadays the Webley factories produce mechanical appliances in many other forms, and here again they are known for first-class workmanship. A typical Webley job—and there is no higher praise in engineering circles—is the Automobile Freewheel shown above. Just one instance of how the precision standards of Webley guns are now applied to fine limit work of many kinds.

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Best Luggage*

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Do your teeth
light up your smile?



The Tongue Test will tell! Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth. Feel that filmy coating? That's what collects stains, makes teeth dull, unromantic. Irium, the super-cleaner in Pepsodent, flushes film away, polishes teeth brilliantly, safely. Use Pepsodent and keep your teeth shiny smooth—lighting up your smile.



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TAKE OLD TUBES
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Less 'Sanatogen'
Nerve-Tonic Food
and 'Genasprin'—
because some of
their ingredients are
needed for other,
vital purposes.

More Fine Chemicals and essential medicinal products
— to meet new and increasing demands.

That represents the
war-time policy of
Genatosan Ltd.

The Higher the Fewer

Coined by the R.A.F. during the last great war, this truism has modern applications. For example, the higher our airmen fly nowadays, the greater their need for sheepskin-lined flying kit—and, consequently, the fewer the Morlands Glastonbury sheepskin-lined slippers and boots available for civilian use.

The shops will have a limited number of pairs from time to time, but you may have to wait your turn.* Please don't order new Glastonburys unless you must. Take care of any you already have. Use them only on cold days. Don't soak them and don't bake them near a fire.

* So please do not write to the makers.

MORLANDS GLASTONBURYS



A sheepskin slipper
with soft leather
sole and a cozy
turn-over top.



A wartime ladies' ankle
boot—sheepskin lined
Warm, serviceable,
and neat.



THE restricted supplies of wool necessitated by war-time conditions are being used by CHILPRUFE solely for the production of essential garments for infants and young children.

Despite difficulties every effort is being made to maintain the traditional high standard, thus ensuring the maximum protection and durability which are more essential than ever in these days. Unavoidable shortage of supply is regretted, but the greatest care is taken to ensure a fair distribution.

CHILPRUFE LIMITED
Governing Director: JOHN A. BOLTON
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CHILPRUFE
Made Solely for
INFANTS and
YOUNG CHILDREN



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The
best tea-time
preserve

Robertson's
BRAMBLE
SEEDLESS
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The filter tip
will keep you fit



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Golden Shred Works,
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governed by
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BALKAN SOBRANIE
CIGARETTES & TOBACCO

**Thank
Sobranie**

True, there's a war on; but there's still, thank Sobranie, the pipe of peace . . . The peace which comes from a sweet cool smoke, a fullness that really satisfies, and a flavour that is the authentic touch of genius from the same master hand which gave the connoisseur his Balkan Sobranie blends.



SOBRANIE LTD. LONDON. E.C.1



M. Gaston Bonvivant, lately of Paris (France) confesses himself a total convert to the excellence of our English cuisine. Particularly is his heart rejoiced by "le merveilleux lapin des Galles" (welsh rarebit to us). This, and a garnishment of what he calls Pon Yon, almost reconciles him to the loss of Cépes à la Bordelaise.

Pan Yan
MACONOCHE BROS. LIMITED • LONDON

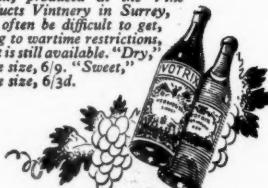
Now even Pan Yan
is in rather short
supply, but Gaston
declares that
un petit pain
vaut mieux que rien.



Whenever there's cause for congratulation there's reason to remember Votrix—the British Vermouth produced with juice of Empire grapes. White wine and aromatic herbs are the base of every good Vermouth whatever its origin. Votrix has something more. Genius in the blending has given it a quality comparable with that of any vermouth that came from the Continent.

**Let's have a Gin and
VOTRIX VERNOUTH**

Votrix, produced at the Vine
Products Vintner in Surrey,
may often be difficult to get,
owing to wartime restrictions,
but it is still available. "Dry,"
bottle size, 6/9. "Sweet,"
bottle size, 6/3d.



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"777" Raincoat
SUPERLATIVE
QUALITY AND
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IN NORMAL TIMES THE BEST SHOPS
HAVE THE VALSTAR "777" RAIN-
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VALSTAR WORKS, Salford 6, LANCs

Now more than ever
BERMALINE
WHOLE WHEAT AND MALT Bread

Invicta
...the motto of The Royal
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in 1672. Known as "The
Buffs" because of the
leather jackets worn at
one time. Badge: The
Dragon of the House of
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An appreciation of H.M. Forces, by the makers of

WARDONIA
BLADES FOR BETTER SHAVES
1/- & 2/6 Packets (Plus Tax)

SOLD BY N.A.F.I. CANTEENS

Creamy. Delicious. Nourishing
ROYAL
ARROWROOT
DESSERT

EASILY MADE-EASILY
DIGESTED. NO SUGAR
NEEDED

4½ D. EACH
PER PINT
PACKET.

3 FLAVOURS
CARAMEL CHOCOLATE VANILLA

ROYAL
ARROWROOT
DESSERT

Equally delicious served HOT or COLD

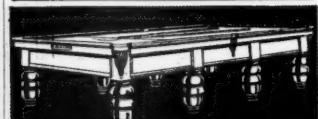
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BEAR BRAND HONEY

THE PREMIER BRAND
Honey is rationed with all preserves
and distribution is accordingly limited.
We ask you not to be disappointed if it
is difficult to obtain.

L. GARVIN & CO. LTD.
Branch: The Bear Honey Co.
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Young's Morecambe Shrimps
No post orders.
There are still limited supplies of
Young's Morecambe Shrimps—
freshly peeled—spiced—cooked.
YOUNGS I Beauchamp Pl., London,
S.W.1 and at Morecambe.
Morecambe SHRIMPS



The demands of the Army, Air and Civil Defence
Forces leave us with very few Tables for private or
public use, but enquiries are welcomed, and every
effort will be made to meet your requirements.

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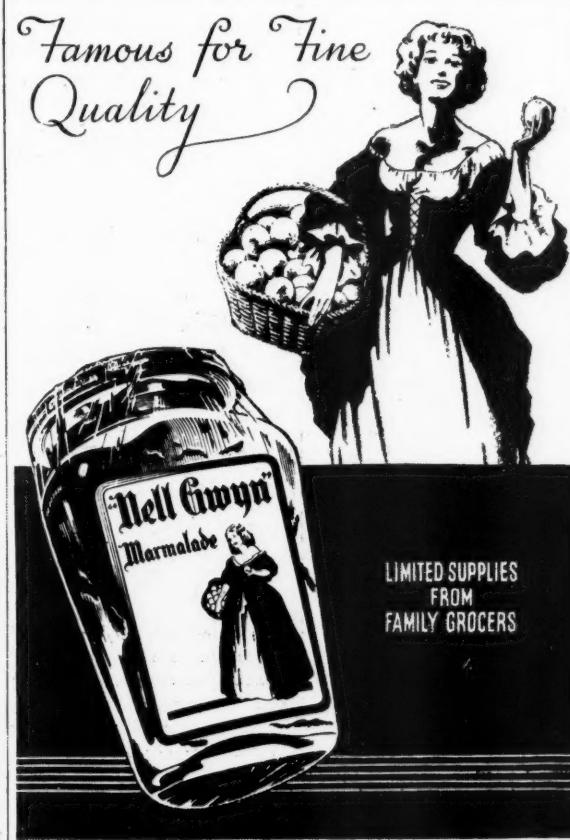
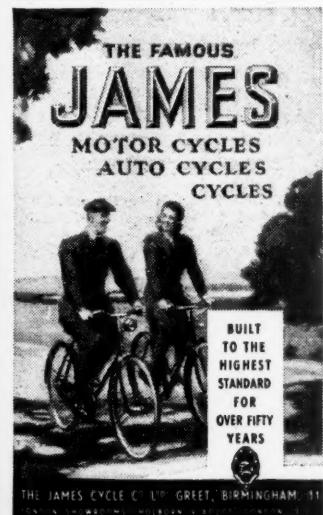
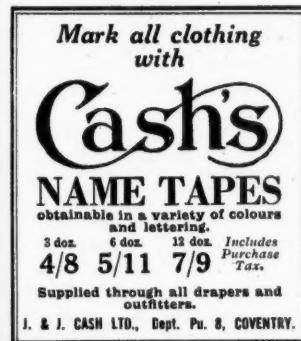
The Name

VENUS

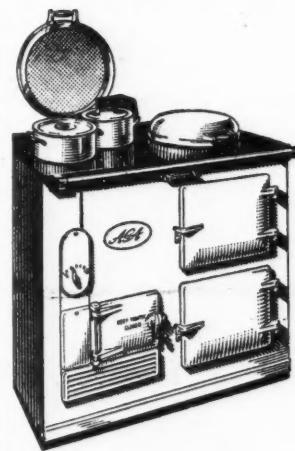
*Still stands for
Quality in Pencils*

In wars of olden days, Venus—goddess of love—became known as Victrix or Victory. Thus did the ancient Romans transform their symbol of perfection—just as we do today. Despite wartime control of supply and manufacture, the new 'Utility' and 'War Drawing' pencils produced by Venus conform to the highest possible standard of quality.

The Venus Pencil Co. Ltd., Lower Clapton Road, London, E.5



**Think
what an
AGA
cooker
saves—**



FUEL

Guaranteed not to exceed a stated annual fuel consumption.

LABOUR

Needs attention only once in 12 hours.

TIME

Always ready, night and day.

FOOD

Preserves the juices and the nourishment.



Guaranteed not to exceed a stated annual fuel consumption

AGA HEAT LIMITED

(Props: Allied Ironfounders Limited)
Coalbrookdale, Shropshire.



To ATCO Users

THE fourth war-time mowing season finds most Atcos very much on their feet.

The Atco Service Depots—those keen, essential units of the Atco Organisation—are, for the moment, keen, essential units of another kind. Reluctantly they ask to be excused from serving Atco users other than by advice and by the despatch, in necessitous cases, of those replacement parts which they still possess. Their Headquarters, in asking war-time indulgence from Atco users, assures them and future users of the increasing devotion to SERVICE which Atco war experience is engendering throughout the Atco Organisation.

There remains a certain stock of Maintenance booklets embodying a series of hints and tips which in war-time have assisted Atco users to keep their Atcos in working order. Your Atco Depot Manager will gladly give you a copy if you will write to him, enclosing a 1d postage stamp to comply with the recent Government order. Please write at once as the stock is limited.



CHARLES H. PUGH, LTD., WHITWORTH WORKS, BIRMINGHAM 9



Oxo
OF SPECIAL VALUE FOR
GROWING CHILDREN



Hand-spun, hand-woven, every yard



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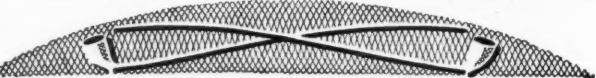
YES, hand-spun and hand-woven from 100% pure Scottish wool by the Crofters in their own homes on the Islands of the Outer Hebrides. Hand Spun Harris Tweed is unique. A more handsome, comfortable, durable or "characterful" fabric has never been produced. Harris Tweed is still available in limited quantities.

* * *
Look for the Trade Mark on the cloth
and for the label on finished garments.

HARRIS TWEED

The Board of Trade accepts the following definition:—
"Harris Tweed" means a Tweed made from pure virgin wool produced in Scotland, spun, dyed and finished in the Outer Hebrides and hand-woven by the Islanders at their own homes in the Islands of Lewis, Harris, Uist, Barra and their several pertinences and all known as the Outer Hebrides.

THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LTD., 10 OLD JEWRY, LONDON, E.C.2.



Pleasant Journey

It was in the eighteen-sixties that the first smoking compartments appeared on the railways. They were



in clubland, we now supply customers living in all parts of the country. 'Ten miles from a railway station' is no obstacle to our Postal Despatch Department.

The Rothman Service caters especially for smokers who desire a regular supply of high-grade cigarettes. If you would like to share in the advantages of this personal service, we recommend an early enquiry at a Rothman shop, or by post to Rothmans Ltd. (Folio H6), 5 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

DUTY-FREE Parcels to Prisoners of War and H.M. Forces Overseas—particulars on request.

Rothman
OF PALL MALL

the best-known tobacconist
in the world





PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCIV No. 5324

March 3 1943

Charivaria

A CUSTOMER who complained in a Chicago restaurant that he couldn't eat the meat was attacked by the cook. Who showed him just how tough the joint *could* be.

"Early English Spring," says a heading. What worries Hitler is that he doesn't know exactly when.

Housewives report a serious shortage of needles. We can only suppose that there is very little labour available nowadays for the thorough searching of haystacks.

"In the Tunisian monastery we found that the monks enjoyed nothing better than a meal of fried sausage and potatoes," writes an American soldier. Out of the frying-pan into the friar, as they say.



"WATCH EDEN!"
Weekly Paper.
Mark Anthony!

"I am not the only one your English weather does not agree with," writes an American officer. Our meteorological experts used to have a similar grievance.

"Being snowballed is a pleasant experience," says an Australian pilot. It leaves us cold.

"The Murmansk coastline is pretty thick with fog," states a naval officer. But prettier, of course, without it.

A sword-swallowing was hissed at an American circus. The U.S. is getting very salvage-conscious.

Along some parts of our South Coast, we are told, the wind always blows during March. What else could a wind do?

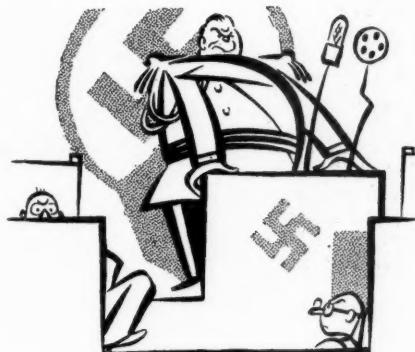
Most of the astrologers have disappeared from the pages of London newspapers. To the best of them this came as no surprise.

It is not what Signor Mussolini says that counts; it's Hitler's reply.



British sailors in North Russian ports are being taught by the natives how to travel by foot on snow-covered ground. Join the Navy and ski the world!

"Dr. Goebbels," says a Berlin newspaper, "is knocking at the door of every nation oppressed by plutocratic tyranny." Who lifted him up?



Six rabbits recently arrived in this country from America by plane. That's one way of making the fur fly.

Salmon is very scarce. Optimistic housewives try serving cod with rose-coloured spectacles.

Young Soldiers Never Die.
Colonel-General Philip Golikov, the man who directed the recapture of Kharkov, is one of Stalin's young generals. He is only 442 years old." Newcastle Evening Chronicle.

Dr. Ley says that the Germans are noted for getting out of holes. But not until the R.A.F. have left.

The Traveller

AND so you made the journey to the North
And watched the gradual counties rolling by
And passed the Tweed at length and touched the
Forth—

Is it still there? You seem so pale and dry.
You bring all England back to me, your eyes
(Sit down a moment, take the large arm-chair)
Have gazed at Grantham with a wild surmise,
The dust of Darlington is on your hair.

Tell me of places that I have not seen
Since dear knows when, till memory seems to fade
And Selby looks as large as Aberdeen
And Doncaster is one with Biggleswade.
Whom did you lean on in the corridor?
And share your simple sandwiches with whom,
Telling wild secrets of this global war
While the vast caravan crept on like doom?

How is it now beyond the Cheviots' pale
Where the Picts move outside the Roman Wall?
And are there eggs or is there any ale?
What porridge had you? Do the burns still fall?
A truce to asking of these distant lands!
Enough to tell me if the far-flung line
Still goes by Berwick and Dunbar still stands
And there are cakes at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Twelve hours ago you felt the Border wind?
And now in London? Those were hours well spent;
You left the lumbering ox-carts far behind,
You bridged the basin of the roaring Trent,
Back in reverse went by the wintry shires
And all the passengers in Noah's Ark
Moaned in their sleep or munched without desires
Till Hatfield hove into the nameless dark.

Still you survived it. You are back again
(I think that is a piece of Lothian moss).
It bore you well, that everlasting train,
So much too long to get into King's Cross;
And you shall put down on your diary page
How once in war-time it has been your lot
To make a necessary pilgrimage
To Caledonia by the Crawling Scot.

EVOE.

• •

Cleaning Your Bicycle

LITTLE, it has often seemed to me, is written about the upkeep and care of the average bicycle. I dare say it is in bicycle magazines, but it is fairly obvious that people who buy bicycle magazines would keep their bicycles clean anyhow; whereas the people who are reading this have already experienced a small jag at the backs of their heads. It is their subconscious telling them to go out right away and clean their bicycles, but if they will finish reading this first it may help them. I need hardly add that they would finish reading this first anyway, because people who get small jags at the backs of their heads when they think how their bicycle needs cleaning would do anything else first.

Before you clean your bicycle you must, of course, get it

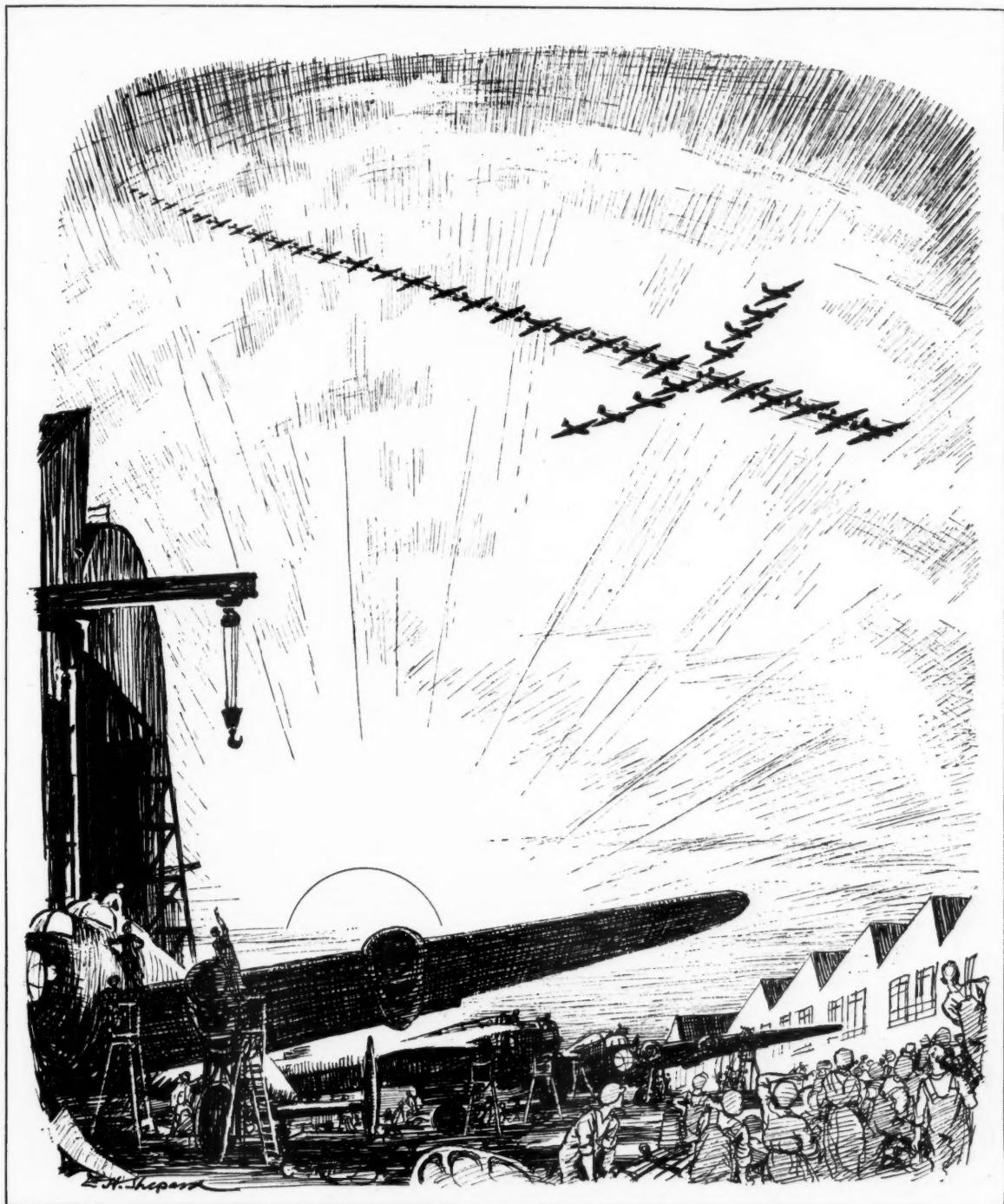
outdoors. If you keep it in a shed, you must take the hoe handle out of the front wheel and push the bicycle through the door on to the path. If you keep it in the passage by the kitchen you must still push it through the door on to the path. Wherever you keep it, remember that it is no good wishing quietly to yourself that the shed or the passage would dissolve suddenly, leaving the bicycle free. Remember that the shed or passage was there before the bicycle just as surely as now it is all round the bicycle, and that the sensible thing to do is to aim at getting the bicycle clear of the shed or passage rather than the shed or passage clear of the bicycle.

When you have your bicycle safely outdoors, prop it against something. This sounds easy, but anything to do with propping up a bicycle sounds easy. We are all apt not to remember—I mean not beforehand—that a bicycle is in two parts, the front wheel and the back wheel, and that these parts are no more than hinged together. If therefore you prop the *front* half against something the back half is left more or less to itself, and so on. It has never been settled which half of a bicycle was meant to be propped against something, and it would be interesting to get a cross-section of opinions, though probably we should only find that those with new saddle-bags would say the back half, and those with chromium handlebars the front.

Well, now you have propped your bicycle up and are all ready to clean it. You want a soft duster and a piece of chamois leather; by which I mean you would *like* a soft duster and a piece of chamois leather. But if you look in your saddle-bag you will find what seems at first glance like a piece of black felt but actually, as you can tell from the buttons, was once part of someone's vest. All bicycle-cleaners, at this point, like to take a few seconds off to think about the transience of material possessions, mutability, and all that; but, as I said, that is bicycle-cleaners all over. Anything for an excuse.

There are different theories about which bit of a bicycle should be cleaned first. Some people think that, as the hub of a bicycle is the worst bit to get at, you should dive straight in and do both hubs first. Others think that the logical, that is the least enjoyable, way to clean a bicycle is piece by piece, finishing, say, a whole wheel off before you start on a black bit. You may think all this, but thought does not affect a bicycle-cleaner's actions. It is safe to say, then, that you will start by putting furniture-polish on the cloth (as we will call the piece of vest), rubbing it on a black bit, and standing back to see the difference. By seeing the difference you will want to do another bit, and then another. Just about now you will realize that you have gone too far to stop; that the impetus necessary for cleaning a whole bicycle has been charging itself up, like a car-battery, and that now you *want* to clean the thing. Don't think about this too long, or you will realize that the whole affair is subjective, or a plant, and your impetus will run itself down. It is really much better not to try to realize anything but to keep on polishing and think about something entirely different. Your mind, you will find, can be divided up: half will keep an eye on the scratches, warning you it is no good cleaning *them*, and half will be seeing how much it can remember of Pope's *Essay on Criticism*.

When you get to the spokes of your bicycle-wheels, you will have to clean each spoke, spoke by spoke. This sounds obvious, but it will take you some little time—say, while you clean six inches of the rim—before the full inevitability will sweep over you. When it has, all you can do is clean the wheel spoke by spoke. There are twice as many spokes as there need be on a bicycle-wheel, but by cleaning only the spokes on the side you happen to be you can, for the



THE FLYING SWORD

[On Saturday, March 6th, begins—for London—the new "Wings for Victory" week, during which the Lord Mayor hopes to obtain a sum of £150,000,000, an amount even larger than that which was subscribed for "Warships Week" last year.]



"Before they removed our railings we enjoyed a certain privacy."

moment, get the full effect. Don't try to clean the chain thing. I know that by this time you will be so keen on cleaning everything, even those screws which have rusted into the back lamp, that you will probably make a start on one or two links with a match-stick and your handkerchief; but it isn't worth it. If people were meant to clean bicycle-chains they would have found out long ago, and adjusted their lives accordingly. And don't try to unbuckle the saddle-bag from the bicycle to shake the crumbs out of it. It is quicker to turn the bicycle upside-down. All these things help.

After however long it has taken you will stand back and tell yourself that your bicycle is now finished. It won't be really, and you will know it. If you were to turn your bicycle round it would look almost as dirty as it did to start with. This is because a bicycle has two sides, and you will have cleaned only the side facing you, with such bits of the other side as you overlapped on to. It is up to you now to turn the bicycle round and do everything all over again. I can't help you there. I can point out that unless you clean the other half right away, when you do clean the other half the first half will be dirty again, so that you might just as well not have cleaned any of it. It is this thought which drives a bicycle-cleaner on to clean the other half; and it is probably the same thought which persuades a bicycle-cleaner to put the bicycle back in the shed and go and have tea.

A Trunk Call

IS that you, Mrs. Pocklington? I hope you won't refuse
To give me on the telephone the latest London news.
Is your daughter in munitions now, or has she joined
the Ats?

Is your husband getting slimmer on this minimum of fats?
Do the enemy's *Luftwaffe* still with bombs the buildings
batter?

Is your little flat still safe, or have the Jerries made it
flatter?

Your longing for an orange can you manage to suppress?
And have you got the coupons for a nice new dress?

Can you ever do your shopping without standing in a queue?
And can you get a herring or a kipper if you do?
Do you have to spend your time between the kitchen and
the sink?

Have you any of your excellent brown sherry left to drink?
Can you find your way in London when the black-out once
has started

And the taxis from the streets have all with one accord
departed?

I am longing for your answers, but they tell me—such a
bore!—

I've been talking for six minutes and I can't have more.

Tradition

A LANCE-corporal came and looked at us and announced that he was going to make soldiers of us; he looked at us again, somewhat scornfully, and said he was going to try, anyway.

He practised us in sloping hips, in ordering, securing and presenting hips. He told us to press on our butts, swing our arms, look to the front and hundreds of other things vital to the war effort. He shouted, screamed and implored until his voice cracked. Then he told us a little story.

It seemed that when he was a small boy his daddy gave him a box of lead soldiers. He was very fond of these soldiers and played with them for hours on end. One day he lost them, and though he searched high and low they were nowhere to be found. He ran to his father, sobbing his poor little heart out. "Never mind," said daddy, "you'll find them again some day."

Our lance-corporal added with feeling: "And I have."

In the afternoon a full corporal took us in hand. He was more inclined to be facetious than was the lance-corporal, but he was far, far more critical. Also his voice was healthier and it was many hours before it weakened. When at last exhaustion set in he made us stand at ease and then he told us a story.

When he was a small boy his father had given him a lovely box of lead soldiers.

We were all too dispirited to let him know that we had heard his story before, and we listened to it all through to its triumphant climax. We even gave a conciliatory smile at the end.

When the corporal passed us over to the sergeant we could drill almost as well as real soldiers. But the sergeant didn't seem to think so. His loud and truculent complaints filled the gaps between orders continuously. Also his voice was case-hardened; I didn't hear it crack once. However, there's an end to all things; fortunately even sergeants must eat.

But before dismissing us he gave us one long, cold, contemptuous look, and told us a story.

Yes, it appeared that he also had once been given a box of lead soldiers.

Well, in this, as in other camps, drafts went out and drafts came in.

Soon the Powers were looking about for prospective N.C.O.s.

How that single stripe of mine caught the eye—my eye, that is—every time I swung my arm! And how proud I felt of that significant tape that denoted my superiority to other men!

My first job as Acting Unpaid was to instil the rudiments of foot and arms drill into a bunch of recruits.

They moved awkwardly, got themselves into fantastic positions—almost, it seemed at times, tied their rifles round their necks, while I, perspiring

freely, shouted orders and contumely; till at length, with an aching head and a hoarse throat, I stood them at ease.

"Listen," I said, "while I tell you a little story."

I commenced gently: "Once, when I was a small child, my father gave me a box of lead soldiers . . ."

I was interrupted by a deep resounding voice from behind me that could only have belonged to a regimental sergeant major.

"Don't stand there telling fairy stories! Give 'em some drill!"

Letter to Africa

1/3/43

D ARLING,—Isn't it marvellous! And so suddenly too. Mrs. Bronthorpe has just left. We have been toasting you and everybody else in a glass of sherry—my fourth this morning.

As soon as I can get my mind clear I'm going to start planning. You'll not recognize the old place when you get home. I'm grouping all your books according to the colour of the binding, and of course I've got you a copy of the Beveridge Report. I'm putting all the junk in the attic again and I've repaired the gas-masks so that they'll be all right when the Government collects them.

It is a pity we cannot be together on this day of all days. This letter must be the bond between us.

What do you think they'll do with

H? Do you know, I almost feel sorry for him.

Mrs. Bronthorpe has just popped in with another bottle of sherry she had in her Anderson. There's a big meeting in the Town Hall to-night—military bands and speeches, etc. I don't think I shall go. I shall spend the night sewing turn-ups on Dad's utility suits.

Think of me, dear, while you celebrate 'neath African skies, and remember—no excesses.

The great reunion approaches.

All my love, MARY.

P.S.—You won't be too cross with me if the beastly war doesn't end on May 12th, will you? I did so want you to get this letter on the right date. If it doesn't I shall never believe another thing that "Pisces" says in the *Morning Echo*.



"Now that we have substituted the potato for bread, what are we going to use for potatoes?"

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

At the Pictures

"IT'S THAT MAN AGAIN"

(TIVOLI AND MARBLE ARCH PAVILION)

THE Itma Company is not to be heard on the air for some weeks, but to compensate those who will suffer from this deprivation they can now be both seen and heard on the screen. Half an hour of inconsequential patter and farcical incidents may be amusing, but a full-length film requires the framework of a story which, however impossible, is coherent and logical, given the premises on which it is based. Had Coleridge written *The Ancient Mariner* on the principles which have guided the producers of *It's That Man Again*, he would have had the albatross shot in the South Seas in one stanza and served up at the wedding-feast in the next.

It's That Man Again opens in a provincial town, called, no doubt with humorous intention, Foaming-at-the-Mouth. TOMMY HANDLEY, the mayor, has been embezzling the municipal funds, and his colleagues on the town council force themselves upon him and demand an explanation. ("I'll face them without further demur. Demur the merrier.") Presently he is travelling up to London, and his faithful charwoman (DOROTHY SUMMERS) pops out of the corridor into his carriage with a hot lunch. A faithful charwoman is a bold conception, of which, less perfactorily treated, something could have been made, but we have to take her on trust. On reaching London TOMMY HANDLEY goes in search of the Olympia Theatre, which he has bought with the embezzled funds. Calling on a rival theatrical manager, he smashes the photographs in his office. Why? No reason is given, and the incident in itself is not amusing. However, a plot of sorts develops when he meets the pupils of the dramatic school attached to the Olympia Theatre ("Give yourselves to Art—Art with a big R"). The impersonations of *Lefty* (JACK TRAIN) are amusing, or it may be that the nervous strain to which

one has hitherto been subjected induces a laugh when *Lefty* appears at the first night of the Olympia as Bernard Shaw, and on being challenged with "Are

you Shaw?" replies in a pleasant Irish brogue "Yes, I'm certain." With the sabotaging of the show by the pupils of the dramatic school, who had expected to be playing themselves, the film at last becomes really funny, and the varied tortures inflicted on the performers have a soothing effect on the nerves.

"PITTSBURGH" (NEW GALLERY)

In *Pittsburgh* patriotism, according to Dr. Johnson the last refuge of a scoundrel, is the purifying agent which redeems a soul otherwise headed for destruction. *Markham* (JOHN WAYNE) is a collier in a Pittsburgh mine. Defying the Hollywood axiom that an egotist may become a millionaire, but only an altruist can remain one, he tramples his way to wealth over the broken hearts of his faithful friend *Cash Evans* (RANDOLPH SCOTT) and his first love, *Josie Winters* (MARLENE DIETRICH), a child, like himself, of the mines. Dazzled by the lure of fashionable life, he marries *Shannon Prentiss* (LOUISE ALLBRITTON), the daughter of a coal-owner, but he is ill at ease in the glittering social world of Pittsburgh, and tries to persuade *Josie* to be the consolation of his spare hours. Repulsed by *Josie*, he becomes increasingly ruthless in his business career, his workmen rebel, and his luck begins to turn. His wife leaves him, his wife's father ruins him, *Cash Evans* quarrels with him and marries *Josie*, and at last he finds himself back where he had started. Hitler comes to his rescue,

and when American industry is switched over to war work a new *Markham*, under an assumed name, performs such prodigies as an ordinary workman that *Cash Evans* (now a great and, of course, selfless industrialist) sends for him to take charge of his plant. There is an awkward moment when they meet, but *Josie Winters* is there, calls her intransigent husband sharply to order, and all ends happily, with *Markham* back in the centre of the picture, *Josie's* arm firmly linked with his, and *Cash Evans* too intent on living up to the war motto of his firm ("The difficult we do immediately. The impossible may take a little time") to worry about lesser issues.

H. K.

MAYOR IN MUFTI
Mayor of Foaming-at-the-Mouth . TOMMY HANDLEY



P.A.
(Patriotic Appeal)

Cash Evans RANDOLPH SCOTT
Josie Winters MARLENE DIETRICH
Charles Markham JOHN WAYNE

Bulger Says . . .

MOST of us these days lead a submerged existence, just working and sleeping and eating, with time off every now and then for a hair-cut or a razor-blade hunt. We don't have a lot of time to be bothering about what exactly is going on over-head, or about what the people who are important enough to think about things are thinking about.

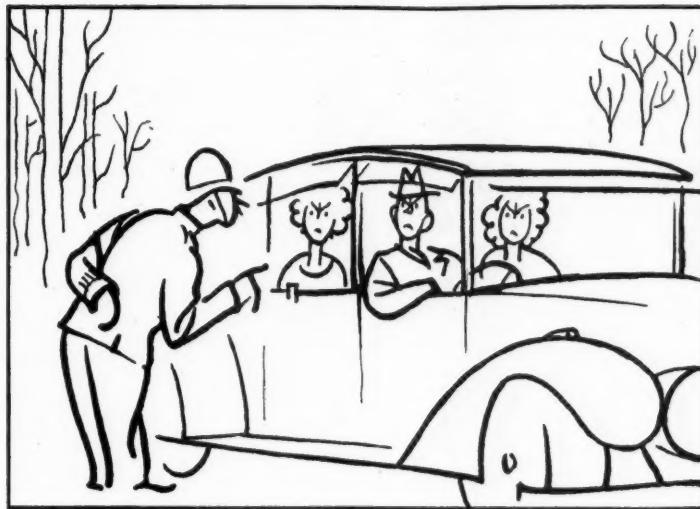
Occasionally, though, we push up our heads and have a look round. I found time to call on Bulger the other evening, and discovered that a whole lot of trends and tendencies are making themselves evident in informed circles.

Bulger is now a communist. He tells me that experienced observers have recently observed a strong left-wing trend in the nation as a whole, and most intelligent people who formerly favoured the extreme right wing have now decided to change sides. They feel that an uncontrolled left-wing tendency may be very dangerous, so they have decided to control it by taking charge of it. Bulger says that this line of action has excellent historical precedents. He gave, as an instance, the action of the young Richard the Second, on the occasion of the death of Wat Tyler, who declared to the angry mob, "I will be your leader."

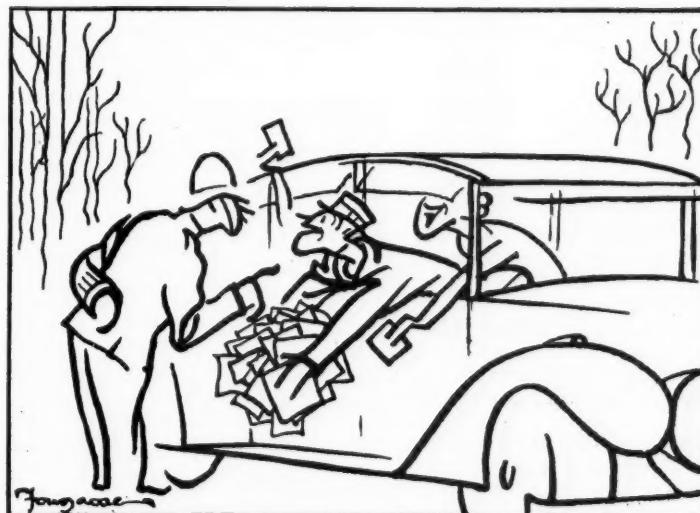
Bulger believes that this trend is an extremely important one, and that if only enough really intelligent people turn communist and prevent communism becoming dangerous, it may easily be our national war aim.

Of course most people of any importance have a private war aim as well. The war aim of the L.C.C., for instance, is to abolish the public schools, and Lady Astor would like to see women sitting in the House of Lords, either as ordinary lords or as bishops. Sir Ernest Benn's war aim is to hang bureaucrats on lamp-posts, and Len Harvey just says that he would like to stop being a champion boxer.

Bulger says that it is a good thing that everybody has a private war aim, as it stops people paying too much attention to the national one. He believes that if Lady Astor manages to produce female lords, someone else will arrange to abolish the House of Lords altogether; but as the L.C.C. by that time will have abolished the public schools, there won't be any lords anyway, because there will be no one to tell them how to grow up.

THE CHANGING TEMPER OF BRITAIN

"May I see your driving licence, please?"



"May I see your driving licence, please, and your petrol permit and your insurance certificate and your identity cards and your authority for employment of a mechanical vehicle, and your area passes, and your registration book, and the name of your employer, and documents setting forth nature of employment and reason for which journey undertaken?"

I am very glad that I managed to spend one short evening with Bulger. It taught me that there is one advantage in leading a submerged existence. One is in very little danger of being abolished.

Impending Apology

"Rev. —— was a resident of —— for many years and active in many good causes. He was a man of strong convictions, indefatigable in the pursuit of evil."

Canadian Paper.



"You'll probably notice a slight complication. In a hurry this morning I put on one brown shoe and one black."

The Phoney Phleet

IX.—H.M.S. "Esau"

THROUGHOUT Great Britain's rough and island story
The Navy's had a pretty constant drip,
To wit, although they cash in on the glory
Their rate of pay gives them the bally pip.

So high did feelings run in 1580
Or thereabouts that mutiny was feared,
So, as a sop, their Lordships, after weighty
Thought, said that naval men could grow a beard.

This, so to speak, completely saved their faces.
The Navy liked it more than quids a week,
Because it screwed down tightly in their places
The lesser Services, who shave the cheek.

Enough preamble! Captain Richard Leavers
In thirty years of service on the seas
Had grown a beard, an all-time low in beavers,
That terminated somewhere round his knees.

How practical! If a distinguished stranger
Was piped aboard he spread it as a mat;
It formed an extra flag in case of danger;
New entries used it when they learnt to plait.

His ship, as generals say, had "had good hunting"
And several Huns were "put into the bag."
But yet—we come to it—this facial bunting
At last revealed its one inherent snag.

It happened that his craft—H.M.S. *Esau*—
Shot up a Hun and then herself was hit,
Then heaved one back, then got one, like a see-saw,
Extremely ding-dong, very tat for tit.

Three bricks went through the bridge—his beard was parted
In three unequal groups, as by the mange.
But Richard, furry-mouthed yet lion-hearted,
Emitted muffled shouts to "Close the range!"

The *Esau's* guns were smashed beyond all mending,
Torpedoes were her sole remaining hope
When Captain L., himself superintending
The firing of them, tripped up on some rope.

He hit the deck, his beard flew out to leeward,
The parting tin-fish caught it in its screw,
In vain a Royal Marine, his faithful steward,
Embraced his ankles—off the Captain flew.

At forty knots—a stiffish rate of traction—
Man and torpedo neared the puzzled Boche.
The Germans took extreme evasive action
With cries of "Hitler!" (anglice "Good Gosh!").

They zig-zagged; Richard's beard performed some steering
And followed them. They put out a smoke-screen;
He charged right through it, promptly reappearing.
The Huns yelled "Himmel! Ein-mann submarine!"

Frozen with fear they waited for the ending;
A crash resounded, Leavers did a trip
Throughout the stratosphere, and then descending
He landed on the bridge and took the ship.

V.C. and D.S.O.! Congratulations
Poured in on every hand; the people cheered.
But Leavers, sobbing, spurned the decorations
And, broken-hearted, whimpered "Where's my beard?"

• •

H. J. Talking

MANY problems are apt to be caused in families by having children, and one of the worst of these is camping, which is generally agreed to be very necessary for the young, though only some adults find it agreeable, and this is because the human race is divided into those who like having fun and those who like preparing for it. Campers will sometimes work a twelve-hour day pitching tents, making fires, cooking and performing other preliminaries to enjoyment. In the evening they will be so tired that they will just squat down for a few minutes singing songs they think would appeal to the North-West Mounted Police and limp off to bed. Our camping usually took place in the grounds of "Bide-a-Wee," a castle which had been in the family since the Norman Conquest but had been renamed by an earl who was of a sentimental turn of mind. One complication was the question of sending on letters. As we were all busy people with a good deal of urgent correspondence the absence of a post office was rather important, so we had to make a special arrangement to start a sub-post-office in the field where we were, and as

this could not be done seasonally we had to have it open all the year round and pay somebody to look after it.

The next difficulty was hospitality. As soon as we arrived we were invited to meals at the castle. The earl was very hospitable and never let us leave until we had promised to appear next time food was served. My wife, being a preparer, refused to camp without cooking, so what the sub-postmistress couldn't eat had to be given away, and the nearest cottage was a mile and a half. The earl also worried us by waiting until we had the tents up and then sending his man with an enormous marquee which covered them all and made them rather superfluous. Our host was somewhat shunned by possible guests in the district because he was strongly temperance and as propaganda for his views had collected the worst cellar in England, which he forced heartily upon them. For many years he had been a connoisseur of local prisons and was always ready to protect these relics of the past when they came on the market, agitating furiously when one was turned into a tea-parlour with brass hand-cuffs on sale inside. When we knew him he was getting old and had a bald, shiny head which was used by his wife for crystal-gazing.

B. Smith has recently taken to wearing an oilskin tam-o'-shanter. The first time this happened we assumed it to be an oversight, but repetition has made it evident that he must be tactfully approached on the subject, and to do this is hazardous, as when crossed he is apt to be difficult, which takes the form of frigid politeness and self-sacrifice, this going to such lengths that he will call on me at two in the morning to offer to sit in the garden for the rest of the night. As it hurts him deeply when such offers are refused, I have to get up and help him out with an arm-chair, hot bottles, rugs, alarm-clock, etc.

He is almost equally disturbing when pleased with life, as he then beams and rubs his hands, and when he has on rubber gloves this causes an infuriating squeak. In those moods he is always pressing us to come for picnics and takes us on interminable expeditions to places which interest him, such as Tooting, because the name always made his grandmother snigger, and a factory owned by one of his friends, where artificial sand is made from unused beer. On these occasions he always packs lunch for us himself, and for days beforehand we have to avert our eyes tactfully from parcels which lie about the house. The meal usually consists of cold boiled potatoes stuck on wooden sticks, squares of compressed cabbage in tin-foil, cold tapioca in a pink suet case and a vacuum flask of sherry.

Many are interested in seeing behind the scenes, and for their benefit I shall illustrate my scientific work by printing a detailed account of some experiments taken at random from my notebook:

OPUS 493

Purpose of experiment. To investigate the temperament of B. Smith.

Apparatus. B. Smith and a laboratory.

Procedure. The experimenter got the subject to hold a spoon filled with hydrochloric acid over a sheet of blue litmus paper. He then went behind the subject and said "Boo," whereupon the litmus paper went red, this proving the subject was nervous and had a poor sort of temperament.

Cross-Check. The experimenter gave the subject a colourless liquid to drink and then told him it was arsenic. The subject hastily made a will, omitting the experimenter. Corroboration—100 per cent.

OPUS 536

Purpose of experiment. To determine whether food is more agreeable when eaten while the diner is being diverted.

Apparatus. A firework, some cheese.

Procedure. The experimenter first cut the cheese into two. He consumed one portion, noting carefully the amount of pleasure it gave him. He then ignited the firework and consumed the other portion while watching the display closely. He again noted the amount of pleasure he received, and concluded that being entertained did not make all that difference.

Cross-Check. He performed the same experiment with a different make of cheese. Much the same result seemed to be obtained.

OPUS 174

Purpose of experiment. To find out whether coal is a good substitute and if so for what.

Apparatus. Some coal. A text-book of chemistry.

Procedure. The experimenter worked through the exercises in the text-book, substituting coal for the chemicals named. He got no results, and that in itself was quite a result to get, really.

MR. PUNCH, as has been already noted elsewhere, is about to dig with *The Countryman* and *The Countryman* to lodge with Mr. Punch. Or to put it rather more formally, Messrs. BRADBURY, AGNEW AND CO. LIMITED have acquired the shares of THE COUNTRYMAN LTD., which Mr. Robertson Scott will continue to edit independently (as he has so ably and successfully for the past sixteen years) from Idbury near Kingham in Oxfordshire. But the advertising and publishing departments will in future be at 10 Bouverie Street. Thus there will be a certain amount of rus in urbe (quite apart from the Albert Hall) and a certain amount of urbs (as usual) in rure. *Floreat ambo.*

CHINA DEPT.



"You see, it isn't really the cups I want—it's the handles."



" . . . and my Italian prisoners put up the silo."

I Remember, Not So Long Ago

I REMEMBER, not so long ago,
There was magic in the air,
I felt it in strange unexpected places,
And now it is not there.

I can stand on the Serpentine Bridge
While the sun sinks low,
But the trees are trees, and Harrods is
Harrods:
This was not formerly so.

Musicians tuning their instruments
Before a concert begins
Are ordinary gentlemen in dark suits
Playing on violins.

I can hear old songs sung.
I am not stirred
By a faded letter or a falling star
Or the call of a bird.

Tugboats ahoof on the river
At the break of day
Are hooting because there are other tugboats
Riding in the way.

I remember, not so long ago,
There was magic in the air,
And though it has gone with the lights and
laughter
I know it is still there.

V. G.



LION MENACANT

“Why should I tell them where I mean to spring?”

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Tuesday, February 23rd.—House of Lords: Lord Beaverbrook Opens Several New Fronts.

House of Commons: Labour Transference is Discussed.

Wednesday, February 24th.—House of Lords: Beveridge (contd.).

Thursday, February 25th.—House of Lords: Beveridge (contd.).

House of Commons: In Praise of the Army.

Tuesday, February 23rd.—It was Lord BALDWIN who, in the House of Commons, devised the political strategy of "appalling frankness." It was left to his old antagonist, Lord BEAVERBROOK, to carry that strategy into the calmer atmosphere of the House of Lords.

And right crisply he did it. Not that he had any monopoly of frankness. Lord SIMON, in fact, almost (to use an Americanism) beat him to it. Lord TRENCHARD quite beat him to it. Very exciting it was. There they all were, the coroneted heads of Britain, gathered in the Gilded Chamber ready for a stately debate.

In the old silent film days, it is said, the actors and actresses used to discuss the weather or their childrens' ailments while they played berludd-currlding

Dreams) trying to sell to an unwilling House and Government the patent rights of a Second Front.

He did it all so calmly, in tones so little above the conversational, that the eager Press Gallery had to strain its collective ear to catch the winged words. Lord BEAVERBROOK's is a queer unconventional form of oratory, reminiscent more of the old-fashioned Scottish pulpit than the rough-and-tumble of political debate. Yet it strangely moves those who listen to it, who can "scarce forbear to cheer."

But Lord TRENCHARD, in the rôle of general of the unwillingly enthusiastic Tuscans, soon brought them back to earth. And roughly he did it. Taking off from about six feet away from his victim, he dive-bombed him mercilessly, declaring that the motion was downright mischievous and contrary to the public interest.

"Don't answer it!" he boomed to the Government. "It is impossible to do so!"

This novel expedient of sending a noble lord to Coventry did not greatly appeal to a House always restive about the secrecy of the Executive, and Lord TRENCHARD, muttering, sat down.

No sooner had he landed than that nifty fighter-bomber, Lord STRABOLGI, was overhead, and proceeded to machine-gun both the Government and the Trenchard lines, with his usual audacity.

This intruder attack brought up a slow fighter of the Government Co-operation Command, piloted by Lord LISTOWEL, who from the Front Opposition Bench announced that he and his Party (Lord STRABOLGI dissenting) were on the side of the Government and against the noble Press Lord.

He said the Government could utter only "vague generalities" in reply.

With this none-too-promising build-up from his unpaid publicity officer, Lord SIMON rose to reply, and to justify Lord LISTOWEL's forecast. Second Front, indeed! said he. What about the Navy, with its endless Second Front? What about the R.A.F., with its Second Front? What about North Africa? Anybody would think we had not borne any of the brunt of the war. What about the twelve months we had fought alone—with no one giving us the aid of a Second Front?

And did their Lordships think nothing had been done—his voice dropped to a dramatic whisper—did they think nothing had been done at the *Capablanca* Conference?

Their Lordships took this as a subtly-conveyed hint that we are soon

to checkmate the Axis, and were about to transform their sniggers into cheers when Lord SIMON spoiled it all by correcting himself and referring to the *Casablanca* Conference.



The Red Queen. "If I say a thing five times it must be right."

Lord Trenchard as described by Lord Keyes.

"I won't say a single word about a Second Front!" he rapped, still with the same friendly smile at the unruffled Lord BEAVERBROOK. "It's a mere slogan, based on ill-informed clamour!"

Having thus pressed home the attack, he turned for his base. Lord BEAVERBROOK at once sent over his interceptor fighters.

"You are a master of distortion," he said suavely to Lord SIMON. "You say I said this and that. I said nothing of the sort. You say I am inconsistent. You know I am not. As for Lord TRENCHARD—well, he has always been a rotten prophet, and he is right up to form just now."

Never once did the friendly smile desert his Lordship's face, never once did his voice rise above a crooning persuasiveness.

Never once did Lord TRENCHARD lose his attitude of rapt and respectful attention. Never once did Lord SIMON relax the deferential bend of his head; never once did their Lordships, crowded on the benches, utter more than the most decorous of cheers. It was all frightfully decent and in the very, very best of form.

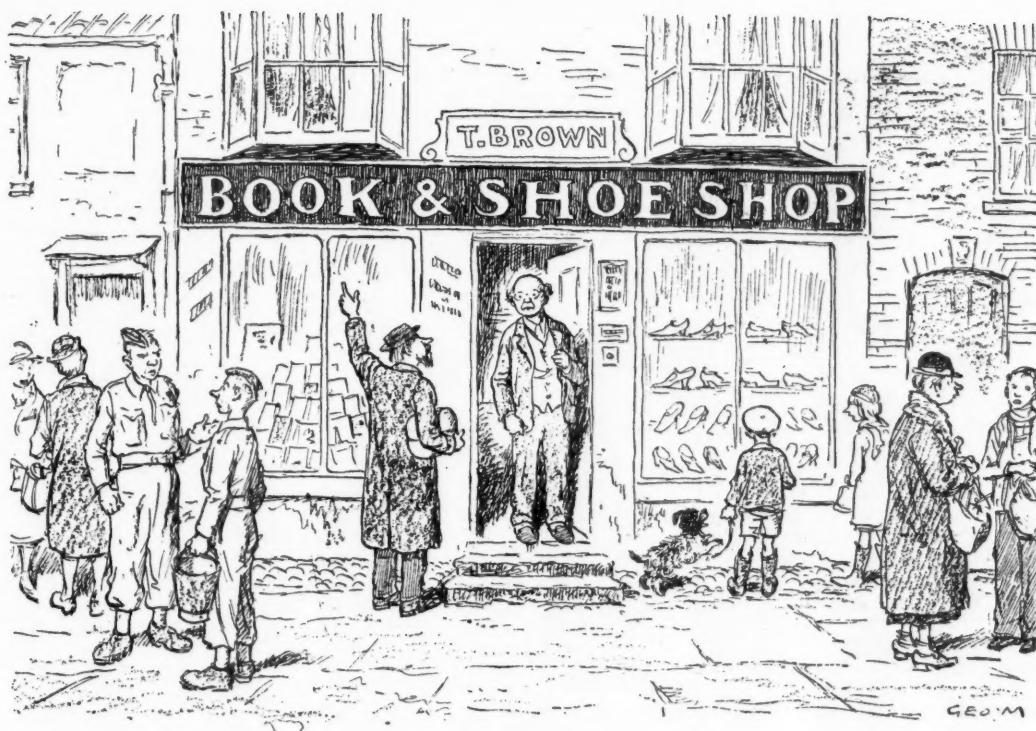
The demand for the Second Front was abandoned, and red-tabbed Lieutenant-General Sir HASTINGS ISMAY, chief of the Ministry of Defence staff, who had



"The Ministry of Social Security is the keystone of the Beveridge Arch."
Lord Nathan.

drama. If it had been possible to see to-day's debate, without also hearing it, it would have seemed as courtly and courteous as ever.

There was my Lord BEAVERBROOK (once queerly described as the Pedlar of



"A signwriter's error, actually, but nevertheless it's proving quite successful."

looked anxiously on, heaved a sigh of relief. *He* is the man who has to do something more than *talk* about a Second Front.

The Commons discussed the transference of labour. Most M.P.s transferred their labour elsewhere, and there was no excitement.

Wednesday, February 24th.—Lord BEAVERBROOK was on the Front Opposition Bench to-day and everybody expected another exciting time. But the business was a motion on—believe it or not—the Beveridge Report. Lord NATHAN was calling attention to the Report and "moving for papers." This formula was not a request for copies of the Report (the place was littered with them) but a formal way of raising a debate.

Fed-tabbed and sun-browned Lord NATHAN moved his motion in a speech of gentle persuasiveness in which he pleaded for the Report, whole and unsullied and at speed. He criticized the Government for failing to adopt the Report ere this and added (with sweet reason) that he did not ask for more than was possible. Lord SAMUEL, from the Liberal benches followed on

the same side, as they say in the law reports.

Archbishop Lord LANG OF LAMBETH began his speech by declaring that after a three days' debate in the Commons there was nothing worth saying left to say, and at once proceeded to disprove his own words by delivering a speech that was listened to with deep attention. He favoured the Report too—but not necessarily the speedy action on it other noble lords wanted.

Lord DAWSON OF PENN's line was similar to that of Lord BENNETT, who gruffly suggested that we might win the war before planning in too great detail the Brave New World we are to have when peace comes once more.

Lord SIMON replied for the Government.

The Commons were concerned with the scheme which is to turn the cool streams of the Scottish Highlands into a vast electric power station apparently to the boundless advantage of everything and everybody except the beauty of the Highlands. They gave the necessary Bill a Second Reading.

Thursday, February 25th.—Lady

APSLY, successor as M.P. for Bristol to her gallant husband, killed on service, bravely took her seat. An accident of the hunting-field has crippled her but she propelled herself to the table in a wheel-chair, signed the Roll and took the oath to the sympathetic cheers of the whole House, which admires pluck wherever it is found.

Sir JAMES GRIGG, the War Minister, in what Mr. JACK LAWSON rightly described as one of the best speeches of the session, presented the Army Estimates and told the story of the stirring deeds our men had performed. He also forecast (in his cautious way) the even more stirring deeds they were yet to perform, and the House liked his tone of quiet confidence.

The few discordant notes in the succeeding debate, which was wound up skilfully by Major ARTHUR HENDERSON, War Finance Secretary, only emphasized its general agreeableness.

The Lords, like some unfortunate busker to inattentive queues, went on discussing the Beveridge Report. For all your scribe knows (for even he is human) they may be doing so still.



"... and here we have a hole, which we call the aperture."

The Brain-Stormers

IV

(With apologies to everybody)

CHAIRMAN: The next question—and I'm afraid it must be the last—comes from Wren Gladys Wright, serving as boat's-crew, I mustn't say where. She asks:

"Before the Second World War everybody said that if we had another World War it must be the 'end of civilization as we know it,' such were the destructive forces available to Man. We are now saying that if we have a Third World War it must be 'the end of civilization as we know it,' and therefore we must do whatever we can to avoid such a catastrophe. But at the same time we say that the Second World War must and shall lead to a Better World. If that is so, as we all hope, does it not follow that a Third World War should lead to a

Still Better World? Which do we mean?"

Well, I'm sure that the Brain-Storm has a short answer to that. Bubble?

Paymaster-Commander Bubble: Well, of course, there's something in it. I mean, undoubtedly, in war-time people get together more than they do in peace-time, so to speak. I well remember one skipper I served under, he couldn't stand the Chief Engineer. Then the ship was torpedoed, and ever after they were the greatest friends. I must say I rather agree with the questioner.

Chairman: Er—the question is: Which do we mean? Is war so likely to destroy civilization that it should be

avoided? Or is it so likely to produce a Better World that it should be regarded as a good thing?

Paymaster-Commander Bubble: Oh, well, I don't see how anyone could say that war was a good thing. Of course it does some people a lot of good. Undoubtedly there's many a young man has been set up for life by having to do a little drill for a change. And of course there's the fresh air. Morally, too. It gives us all a bit of a jolt, if you know what I mean. I well remember, in the last war, there was a ship's carpenter who made up his mind he wouldn't smoke or swear till the war was over. And he didn't.

Chairman: What happened after the war?

Paymaster-Commander Bubble : Well, I'm afraid he reverted to the normal. (Laughter)

Chairman : Pixley ?

Professor Pixley : Biologically speaking, of course, the case is plain. Man, like other animals, responds to the stimulus of fear with enhanced effort, and in many cases performance—

Paymaster-Commander Bubble : Yes, that's true enough. I well remember being chased by a bull. And I know I never covered a hundred yards in such quick time before—or since. (Laughter)

Professor Pixley : The behaviour of the so-called "flying-fish" (*Exocetus*) is a good example. The common belief is that the bright little fish we see darting across the surface of the waves in tropical or semi-tropical seas are a species of fish specially endowed with the gift of flight, and that they are flying for the fun of the thing. The unromantic fact is, however, that they leave the water because a bigger fish (as a rule the bonito) is after them; and, like Bubble pursued by the bull, they develop exceptional powers. They are probably as much surprised to find themselves whizzing through the air as Bubble was to find himself doing the hundred in eight seconds. (Laughter)

Paymaster-Commander Bubble : Well, I must say I'm very surprised to hear that. I've seen thousands of flying-fish in my time, and I always understood it was just their fun—*joie de vivre*, as they say on the Continent. Certainly, I'm quite sure I never saw a big fish chasing a flying-fish—and I've had a lot of experience. Undoubtedly, I should say, there are some fish that can fly and others that can't; and those that can, well, naturally, on a fine sunny morning they come out and have a fly round. Well, that's what I should have said.

Chairman : I'm not sure that all this is helping Wren Wright. Professor Jollop—Oh ? Pixley ?

Professor Pixley : I only wanted to add one word, if Bubble will allow me. It's also true, of course, that the life of combat, the struggle for existence, does bring out or develop certain valuable qualities and capacities. The tiger in the jungle, for example, is a much finer animal than the tiger in the Zoo. His muscles are better, his coat is better, his eye is better, his—

Doctor Goad : This sounds dangerously like the doctrines of Hitler and Mussolini—that war is the only ennobling state of life!

Professor Pixley : I was just coming to that. Unhappily there are a good many facts, within the experience of us all, which do, at first sight, seem to

support the doctrine of the dictators. We all know people, I expect, of whom we've said: "He—or she—has been greatly improved by the war—"

Paymaster-Commander Bubble : That's true enough. Undoubtedly we're all the better for eating less.

Professor Pixley : I was not thinking of the stomach—but the soul. There is a greater readiness for self-sacrifice, for hard work and unrewarded service, a stronger sense of our common humanity, a keener perception of justice and fair play, and, above all, perhaps, a marked upward tendency in the curve of courage. People who would have been afraid to let off a Roman candle cheerfully approach an incendiary—

Paymaster-Commander Bubble : I well remember, one trip in the last war, we had twenty or thirty passengers bound for Bombay out of Liverpool. The first three days it was very rough, we lost our convoy, and naturally there was a good deal of talk about submarines. But nobody was sea-sick. Everybody was down to breakfast. On the fourth day, when we were out of the submarine danger-zone, all the passengers were sea-sick and the saloon was a desert.

Professor Pixley : Highly interesting, like all Bubble's anecdotes, but for the moment, as I said, I was trying to get away from the stomach. Now, it's not only the individual conscience of man but the social conscience that seems to gain in strength and assertive-

ness in time of war. "When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be." Society is so shocked by what it sees and feels that it not only does better at the moment but determines to do better in the future—even though it may be in no way responsible for what is going on.

Paymaster-Commander Bubble : Certainly not. The Germans are responsible.

Professor Pixley : Nevertheless, Bubble, as you careered across the field, I'm quite sure that, apart from improving greatly on your normal velocity, you gave a mental undertaking to be a better man in future, and in particular, to be more careful when you approached strange fields and four-footed beasts.

Paymaster-Commander Bubble : That's true enough.

Professor Pixley : And hence the impulse towards a Better World, perfectly genuine at the time. Unfortunately, it is true, biologically speaking, that with the removal of the stimuli the processes they have set in motion tend to lose their momentum and power. The flying-fish remains sedately in the water, Bubble resumes his careless stroll, the ship's carpenter smokes and swears as usual—and Homes for Heroes are found to be too expensive. That is why it is so important that post-war plans, where possible, should be completed, and even passed into law, before the war is over.

Chairman : Masterly. Goad ?

Doctor Goad : This is, I think, the most monstrous discussion we have ever had, and in the short time left it is quite impossible even for me to do justice to it. The questioner has confronted us with what appears to be a dilemma—that is, a question which may put us in a disagreeable difficulty whichever way we answer it. Either war leads to a better world, or not. If it does not, then we should not be talking of a better world after this war. If it does, then war must be a good thing, and we should have more of it. Pixley, with his wretched biological examples, and Bubble with his ludicrous anecdotes, seem to have impaled themselves cheerfully and permanently on the second horn. If the conclusion of Pixley's discourse is not that war is a good thing, because it—

Professor Pixley : I never said any such thing.

Doctor Goad : Personally, I will have nothing whatever to do with this dilemma. It is not a dilemma. It—

Chairman : I'm afraid our time is up.

Paymaster-Commander Bubble : I never saw a big fish fly. A. P. H.

CROMWELL SAID:

"WELL, your danger is as you have seen. And truly I am sorry it is so great. But I wish it to cause no despondency, as truly I think it will not; for we are Englishmen."

The danger is as great as when Cromwell spoke. But what of the men, the living wall that shields us? Night and day, on gale-swept shores, high above the clouds and on the seven seas, with danger ever present, they watch. It is little enough that we can do to ease the hardships borne for us with such gay courage. Little enough—but have we done that little? Have YOU done all you can? A contribution to-day to PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouvierie Street, London, E.C.4, means cheer for these gallant men.

At the Play

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" (NEW)
 "OLD CHELSEA" (PRINCES)
 "DAYS WITHOUT END" (MERCURY)

ONE of the oddest things about this war-time London theatre is that productions tend to be either lavishly over-decorated or lavishly under-decorated, either splendidly or drab. An austere drabness, for example, is the note of the new Sadler's Wells production of *The Merchant of Venice*. The Lady of Belmont, though declared at her very first mention to be "richly left," has furnished her house wholly and exclusively with draught-screens, and seems to have dressed herself in the cheese-cloth peculiarly favoured by fake spiritualist mediums for their manifestations. The Venetian playboys, the rip *Bassanio*'s loose company, all look as though they would like to play follow-my-leader to him, and borrow any further moneys that *Shylock* and *Tubal* might be able to find between them. And it is surely rather a bleak presentation of which the only ornament that one can recall after less than a week is the pair of bright-red Morocco-leather boots appositely affected by the Prince of Morocco when he came a-wooing?

The play has a powerful and sonorous *Shylock* in Mr. FREDERICK VALK, who tempers that character's malignance with great dignity. What else is to be done with *Shylock* in these times except repeat the jaded formula? A reversion to the comical *Shylock* of pre-Macklin days is not yet to be considered. Miss KAY BANNERMAN's *Portia* has dignity too, though it is not assumed until that lady puts on the robes of *Balthazar*, the wise young judge. In all the earlier scenes and in the post-masquerade business where we are told about candle-beams and a naughty world, Miss BANNERMAN makes *Portia* a kind of dancer who has found her tongue. We have seldom seen any Shakespearean part played with such an excess of gesture and movement. This actress is obviously very young, but not too young to make

up her mind as to which of the Sadler's Wells companies she most wants to belong to. She really ought to decide immediately whether she wants to talk without dancing or to dance without talking—whether, on the whole, she would rather appear with Mr. VALK or with Mr. HELPMANN.

The scenery at the Princes, on the other hand, is lush to the point of extravagance. Mr. TAUBER appears to be at a loss without blossoms, and



AWAKENING OF NEW TUNE IN HEART OF COMPOSER

Jacob Bray MR. RICHARD TAUBER
Mary Fenton MISS EDNA PROUD (Understudy)

everything blossoms at once when he takes the centre of the stage, and smiles, and sings. In *Old Chelsea's* first and third Acts it is wistaria-time, laburnum-time, syringa-time, clematis-time, japonica-time and several other floral times all at once, with only lilac tactfully conspicuous by its absence. Why no lilac? asks the less wideawake sort of reader. Because there is no Schubert, or only such whiffs of Schubert as can be evoked by the original score of Messrs. BERNARD GRUN and RICHARD TAUBER. This—let it be allowed at once—is magnificent musical lager, and there is abundance of it. That it is not Schubert will displease nobody

and will give delight of a negative kind to the musical who wince understandably at the world's best *Lieder* being turned into the world's stickiest musical-comedy arias.

There is a pleasing conventional tale in *Old Chelsea* of an operatic composer vainly loving his prima donna (Miss NANCY BROWN) and vainly loved by a little milliner (Miss CAROLE LYNNE) who surprises everybody by stepping in the nick of first-night-time into the prima donna's shoes. The ladies meet next morning, and the milliner curtsies to the ground in apologetic guilt. "Nay, Mary, bow not to me," says the diva with the divine broadmindedness of your eternal diva: "I have heard the gladsome news and congratulate you!" But now and again the whole business is refreshingly jolted back to flesh-and-blood naturalism by the art of Miss MAIRE O'NEILL as a masterful housekeeper who even has the temerity to say to Mr. TAUBER himself after he has been singing in the moonlit garden: "Come on in out o' that, naow, sittin' out there without your chest-prothector!"

A C.E.M.A. production of Mr. EUGENE O'NEILL's grim play, *Days Without End*, might be better enjoyed if we knew that it was going to bide at the Mercury, which is its proper home, and not proceed after a fortnight on an extensive tour of South Wales mining towns and villages. It is a play which reminds us of the most humourless excesses of the

Stage Society. A novelist very nearly kills his adored wife by auto-suggestion, and at the last moment restores her to life and love by slaying a sneering "familiar"—visible and audible only to himself—who has prompted him to the fell attempt. It has four Acts packed with unalleviated gloom, and it is acted with the requisite neurotic fervour and intensity by Miss MARY NEWCOMB as the victim and by Messrs. JOHN V. TREVOR and ANDRÉ VAN GYSEGHEM as the hero's good and evil natures. If Welsh miners and their wives take to this, they are not the healthy people we think them. How grim will be my valley! A. D.



"... and finally, men, I want you to look on me as a father—if you have any little troubles, bring them along to me."

How to See the Comet

THE new comet which is being boomed is called Whipple's Comet. So far as is known no inhabitants of any other globe than our own (we refer to the earth) call this comet by this name, a fact that alone makes it unique. You are advised, therefore, before going on to tackle the much more difficult problems of the comet itself, to find out all about Mr. Whipple (or Mrs. or Miss Whipple as the case may be). Space precludes us from doing more about this here than to advise the reader to refer to this year's *Who's Who* and, if the name is not there, to look it up in next year's edition when, even if it is still not in, it will not matter quite so much.

Now as to the comet itself, the thing which distinguishes a comet from a faint star is this: When you don't look at it you can't see it. Now, as everybody thoroughly familiar with our stellar system knows, the less you look at a faint star the better you see it, and

it has been calculated that, but for the fortunate fact that the celestial sphere is globe-girdled by so many stars that you can't help looking at one of them at least, the light of the stars you didn't look at would be unbearable. But if you don't look at Whipple's Comet it is merely blurb.

Next in importance is to realize that the comet's object in undertaking its journey through our crumpled continuum (formerly, and how erroneously! termed space) is to circumscribe our luminary (sometimes misnamed the sun). How does our luminary like that? Most even terrestrial bodies have a great objection to being circumscribed without due notice, and in this case the circumscriber is a mere comet pretending that it is going to bash into the great luminary itself. Most unfortunately for science, the fact that we cannot look at the sun without seeing it (a fact that distinguishes it from most other stars) prevents us

from observing the actual moment of circumscription.

Lastly, however, and in mitigation of the above, it is to be observed that Mr. Whipple has arranged for his comet to visit one of our best-known constellations—Ursa Major. Universal satisfaction will be felt on this point, and if arrangements can be made for it to visit Orion and other well-known regions of our galaxy on subsequent occasions it will indeed be felt that the journey will be a source of gratification to all right-minded members of our solar system.

No mention has been made of our satellite (*need* we say "the moon"?) in these notes, nor will any apology be made for this. In spite of a very half-hearted attempt at an eclipse at a very inconvenient hour two weeks ago, it cannot be said that the comet has received much co-operation from our satellite during the last two weeks. We will leave it at that and hope for better things next month.



"Yes, I understand the Home Guard use the school at night for lectures."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

The Revolt against Civilization

In the mediaeval fairy story of the twin brothers *Valentine* and *Orson*, one of whom is brought up at the court of the French king and the other suckled by a she-bear in a forest near Orleans, *Valentine* meets and conquers the savage *Orson* in single combat, and leading him home has him baptised and turned into a civilized Christian knight. In the modern equivalent of this story, the Tarzan saga, the twin brother brought up by apes in an African jungle is a heroic and spontaneously noble figure, and his brother, an English earl, an effete poltroon. Mr. HERBERT AGAR does not use this illustration in *A Time for Greatness* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 7/6), but the theme of his book can be most simply stated as the triumph in the contemporary world of *Orson* over *Valentine*. "The war," he writes, "is the military phase of a world-wide revolt against civilization," a revolt explained and partially justified by the steady decay in civilized life of any but material values—"For decades the Western world has talked as if civilization were a by-product of economic progress. . . . If a man's soul is sick, raise his income and let him add a bathroom to his cottage." Into the spiritual vacuum of such a world the gospel of Hitler found an easy entrance, and Mr. AGAR, an American who knows England almost as well as his own country, reminds us in his brilliant diagnosis of "the dark days of moral relativity" between the two wars that both here and in the States there was a more ardent response to the Fascist-Nazi creed than most of us now remember. He argues, therefore, that to defeat Hitler in the field and then set about re-establishing a world of material values will merely be to invite another orgy of destruction. The present panacea of security naturally does not attract him. "Power follows property," he writes; a state which owns everything is all-powerful, and if it provides security for everyone it also provides slavery. But his remedy, it must be admitted, is more obscure than his diagnosis. He enunciates three truths: that our civilization is good, that

we have lately neglected to serve this great tradition faithfully, and that we must fight this inner weakness as tenaciously as we are fighting Hitler. Civilization is a vague word, and tradition is not much more explicit. Truths handed down from generation to generation become progressively more attenuated, and a tradition renews its strength not when it is restated but only when men become once more directly conscious of the truths it enshrines.

H. K.

Twelve War-Time Stories

The tragedy of so many who fight for England, home and beauty is that they do not always enjoy—even on leave—any very heartening vision of these incentives. If one may credit Mr. STEPHEN WATTS—who has written twelve wartime stories in such spells of leisure as soldiering affords—the civilian world is rather uglier than the army hut, where at least a man has a respite from feminine gold-diggers who lie in insatiable wait for his purse and person. There are too many of these voracious ladies in *The Pale Horse* (MACMILLAN, 8/6); and as their anatomizer only portrays two presentable wives alongside the aversion of a homecoming private for a virtuous young mother and the hectoring pomposity of a village matriarch doing war-work, you can safely set him down as a misogynist and leave it at that. Most men, after all, get the women they deserve. What Mr. WATTS can do in happier fields is delightfully evident in "Friend of a Hero," a little *conte* whose sense of (wholly masculine) character and atmosphere is almost Gallic in its economy. Here is both performance and promise.

H. P. E.

Strange New World

In her introduction to *Modern Russian Short Stories* (METHUEN, 8/6) their translator, ELISAVETA FEN, gives short biographical sketches of the authors she has selected and explains that, since all the stories were written in the 'twenties, they represent "a life caught on the move in one of its most dynamic and significant phases—a transitional phase, throbbing with the birth-pangs of a new social system." She tells us too that short-story writing is not a common art in Russia, and certainly most of the ones she has chosen are more effective when regarded as chunks of life. The first, "The Viper," by Count Alexei Tolstoy, a character-study of a girl who kills like a man and hates like a woman, is perhaps the cleverest as well as the most violent. "Sex Problem," by Panteleimon Romanov, might be a skit on the solemn earth-bound problems of any intelligentsia that measures love by rule of three. "A Year of Their Life," by Boris Pilniak, has some of the cold beauty of a Hans Andersen tale. There is no space to mention more except to say that each is crude and new and frank, and that some contain streaks of loveliness. Evidently modern Russian authors, if these are representative, have a nice bite to their wit as well as irony and (to the British mind) astounding matter-of-factness.

B. E. B.

Geraldine Tragedy

It is one of the disabilities of warfare that though your principles may drive you to enlist, you sometimes find yourself fighting against them. Ireland in her tortuous relations with England has tended to throw up such divided allegiances, and the story of Lord Edward FitzGerald shows that the agonies of dilemma are greatest in the most gallant. Because it exhibits this age-old quandary of conflicting "voices," calls whose appeal naturally varies as much with the age of the listener as with the validity of the summons, the career of Lord Edward (DAVIES, 9/6) has

become a sort of romantic classic. Miss MAGDALEN KING-HALL's decision to cast it in novel form has therefore a certain appositeness. Hers is an accomplished and moving narrative—more dexterous on its domestic than on its political side—of the debonair youth who fought for us in America, wore the red cap of Liberty in Paris, resigned his soldier's service of England for a liberator's service of Ireland, and died the victim of crooks on both sides and his own tragic imprudence. One expects the biographer of his Lennox aunt to deal faithfully with Lord Edward's womenfolk, and both the Duchess of Leinster and her daughter-in-law, the mysterious Pamela, are charmingly portrayed.

H. P. E.

First-Class Thriller

An English aircraft over Brittany, inside it a Secret Service man, one *Martin Hearne*, waiting to jump in the darkness and make an unmarked landing in that German-infested area. It is a good beginning such as Miss HELEN MACINNES' earlier thriller, *Above Suspicion*, might lead one to expect, and the whole book is as exciting. *Martin* happens to be the double of a Breton brought to England at the time of Dunkirk, and his *Assignment in Brittany* (HARRAP, 9/-) is to impersonate this *Corlay* and use his opportunities to report on German activities to the authorities at home. For a time all goes according to plan, but old *Madame Corlay* and *Anne, Corlay's* betrothed, are not deceived and yet for some reason will not give the impostor away: then gradually it becomes clear that the Breton was never the simple country intellectual he seemed, and in the light cast by this sinister fact other people take on new qualities. *Martin's* adventures are both heroic and sanguinary until at the end of the book a—surely anticipated—Commando raid offers him a solution of his difficulties and *Anne's*. Once again Miss MACINNES has written a super-thriller, set against a background of the most intimate knowledge of all sorts of interesting details, from the behaviour of parachutists to the dishes of Brittany—a most satisfactory entertainment.

B. E. S.

Sacrifice

It seems that American motor torpedo-boats are little more than plywood boxes with explosives to deliver and 5,000 horse-power to send them screaming into attack. While the last actions were being fought out in the Philippines six of these fragile craft, weaving in and out in Border forays around Manila Bay, worked untold havoc among Japanese heavy naval units and transports. In the end it was the duty of what was left of them to take General MacArthur where he could fight again, and he chose some of their young commanders to follow him. There were no spare places in the planes that carried him over the last lap to Australia, but they, like the general himself, had won fighting experience beyond price and they could teach others. That is why they have lived to tell in their own words a story that is alight with zest of action but threaded with pathos, grim with suffering; for the crews of these boats were part of a force marked, like so much munitions of war, for expenditure. At Bataan and Corregidor they were simply to fight till they were killed, without hope of relief, that time for recovery might be gained. Service men and civilians, Americans and Filipinos, doctors, nurses—among them that particular nurse whose still unresolved destiny is of infinite meaning to one of the speakers—all were joined in the same self-abnegation, all oppressed by the same calamitous unpreparedness in the face of treachery. The guns that could not reach the bombers wheeling perpetual and unscathed overhead, or the saboteur's grease

in the petrol that clogged the carburetors were typical of their trials. Their triumphs were the making an unfamiliar landfall through night and storm or the snatching an interlude of home-talk between battles. Put together by Mr. W. L. WHITE in a quite truly wonderful little book—*They Were Expendable* (HAMILTON, 6/-)—these stories make a record unmatched in its poignant intensity. C. C. P.

Corpses on the Campus

A High Table at a British university suggested a Freudian motive to Miss Dorothy Sayers, and the Faculty of an American university has done the same to Mr. W. BOLING-BROKE JOHNSON. *The Widening Stain* (BODLEY HEAD, 7/6) is a witty and sophisticated thriller in which what happens is less important than what is said. It is like a draught of dry white Burgundy after the red Algerian which is the average crime novel. The background is sketched in with irony and affection, the characters are diversified, and when first one and then another professor goes down the police do no more to disturb the scholarly abandon of the place than send a gum-chewing lieutenant straight out of Mack Sennett. The serious cerebral snooping is done by that intelligent and original and, I make haste to add—for how it helps!—charming girl *Miss Gorham*, Chief Cataloguer in the Library. She gets little aid from her colleagues, most of whom have been in the teaching business long enough to be quite mad, but her methods are unexpected and exciting and the one word she has never catalogued is Defeat. She wins through to triumph and, what is better, to romance. This book, to which I gratefully affix several stars, is unusual in its family in containing a number of limericks. Some are grievously bad, and the best is unfortunately just too far downhill for me to quote.

E. O. D. K.



"Now here is a warning about black-outs. . . ."

Lines Officer

MOST troops stay in Bulonga Transit Camp for only a few days, but our draft seems to be here permanently. Second-Lieutenant Sympson's theory is that they are reserving us for a key job, requiring officers of exceptional intelligence, but the Adjutant thinks that Movement Control has just forgotten all about us.

"Meanwhile," he said, "you fellows can make yourselves useful as Lines Officers. Second-Lieutenant Coxon will take lines A-C, Second-Lieutenant Scattersall will take D-E . . ."

Sympson hoped that before his turn came the lines would be exhausted, but he was unlucky. Lines V-Z fell to his lot.

"Where are lines V-Z," he asked, "and what do I do when I get there?"

The Adjutant gave the mocking laugh that is part of the essential equipment of adjutants in Africa.

"I don't know where the lines are," he said, "and I don't know what you are expected to do when you find them, except maintain discipline and good order and see that no orange-peel is scattered about. I've only just taken over this adjutant's job myself."

My own task was to look after lines K-M, and when I eventually found them I discovered to my horror that they were occupied entirely by sergeants. Even a single sergeant makes me nervous, and in the mass I regard them as a nightmare. And unfortun-

ately I called the attention of the first man I met, not noticing that he was a sergeant, to a minute piece of orange-peel that lay in the no-man's-land between two tents.

"Remove this peel," I said, "at once. I am Lines Officer."

He picked it up with exaggerated deference and put it in the receptacle provided. Then he said that if I were indeed Lines Officer, could I do anything about getting some more tents, as conditions at the moment were too crowded.

"Six sergeants in a tent isn't right, sir," he said.

"Certainly not," I replied—"most unhygienic."

"I mean," he added, "it isn't as if we were men."

"No, of course you're not," I said. "I'll see to it at once."

Then all the other sergeants clustered round with various suggestions and complaints. I made a note of most of them and went off to see the Adjutant.

"This is too bad," he said. "Here am I, moving vast numbers of men hither and thither, and you expect me to concentrate on trivialities. You must make it clear to the men that in a Transit Camp they must learn to grin and bear it. As for the crowded tents, I think you will find that N lines are unoccupied, so some of your sergeants can move in there. You Lines Officers seem to be more bother than you are

worth, except for that fellow Sympson, who seems a real leader of men. He came back and reported that there wasn't a single complaint from his lines, which proves that he knows how to make men look at things in the right light, and has skill and initiative enough to settle minor difficulties without hanging round the Orderly Room all day."

My sergeants received my news in moody silence, and they did not cheer up when we found that the corporals in O lines had taken the unoccupied tents in N lines, on the suggestion of the Colonel.

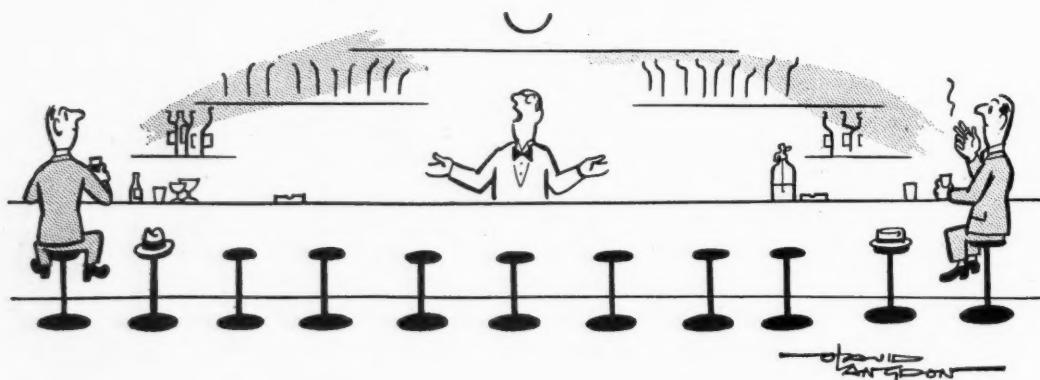
During the rest of the day I tried to bother the Adjutant as little as possible, but even so I had to take a few matters in front of him. So did all the other Lines Officers, except Sympson.

"I'll have to find you fellows different jobs to-morrow," said the Adjutant in the evening—"jobs more within your capacity. All except Sympson, of course. He can remain in charge of V-Z lines until your draft moves out."

In the mess that evening I asked Sympson how he had managed to stifle all complaints in his lines.

"Did you use threats," I asked, "or bribery?"

"Neither," he replied. "As a matter of fact, if the Adjutant were not so new he would be aware that there are no V-Z lines. The last line of tents is U."



"Mr. Bickley, I'd like you to meet Mr. Peenit—it'll save me a lot of trouble."

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KEEP YOUR
SUIT IN
BETTER SHAPE



LOOK FOR
THIS SEAL
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NEXT SUIT

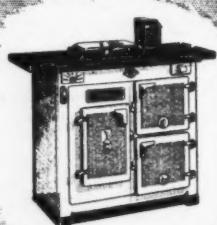
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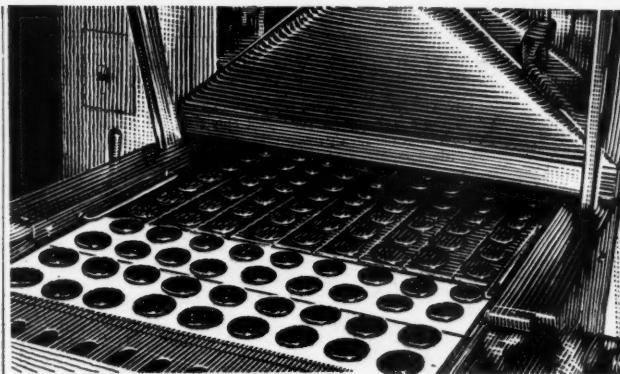
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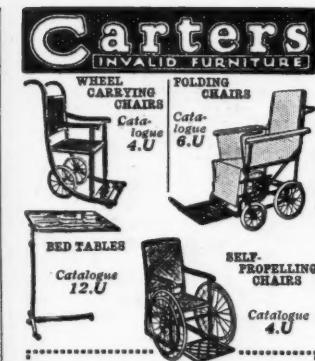
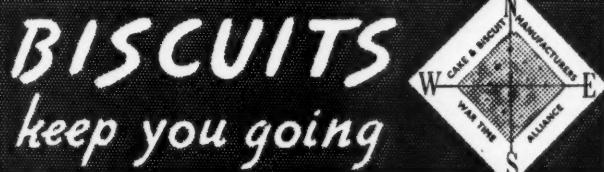


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Here they are—joining forces.

It's all done by uncannily clever machinery—and although supplies are reduced, Chocolate Biscuits are still to be had for the searching. So don't forget them when you are spending your points.

And remember that with the Biscuit containing the most nourishing constituents of wheat and the chocolate its sugar, fat and vitalising iron-ration values, Chocolate Biscuits provide you with the sustenance of the perfect emergency meal.



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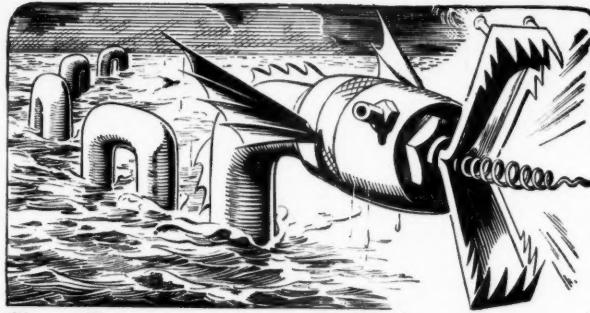
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Cure gives instant
relief from coughing
and chest
tightness. The one
remedy that enables you to carry on
your occupation and regain those nights
of restful sleep. Free from opiates.
Does not affect the heart. Keep a
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Hay Fever, Whooping Cough, etc.

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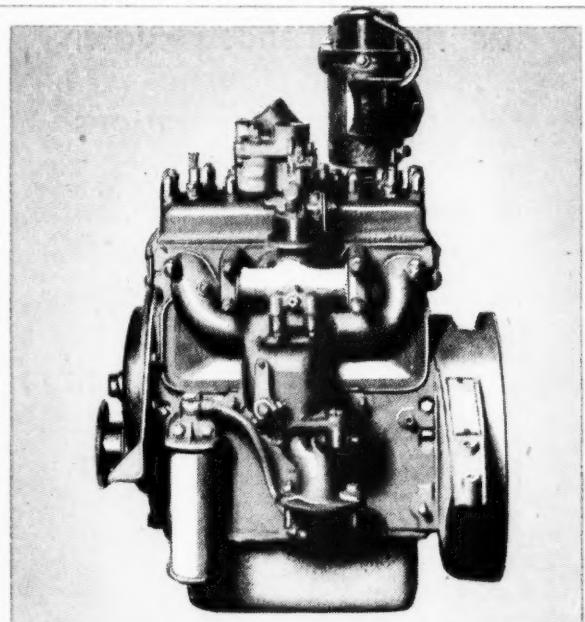
Sea Serpent-a job for 'TUNGUM'

The rarity of this lovable beast is ascribed by certain zoologists to the corrosive action of the sea on a delicate constitution. The fact that few ever reach maturity has given rise to scepticism as to their existence. Remedy proposed by nautical engineers (who resent aspersions on their veracity) is that all future sea-serpents be made of 'Tungum.'



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Beetles destroy food stocks



COLEOPTERA (or, to give them their common name, beetles) are by far the most numerous species of insect pest found where food is stored.

They infest bakeries, hotels, canteens, hospitals, and large centrally-heated buildings to an alarming extent; and cause colossal damage to flour, meal, cereals, dried fruits, and all kinds of food products. Both the adult insect and larvæ are destructive.

The vast amount of food rendered unfit for human consumption calls for immediate remedy; and the loss of prestige and goodwill to firms supplying infested products is surely a matter of grave concern.

The Pest-Control Service operated by Chelsea Insecticides, Ltd., which is available everywhere, has made a special study of the problem of the beetle, and also effectively deals with infestations of cockroaches, crickets and steam-flies.

Write now and ask for an appointment with our district representative, who will advise you on your problem of insect infestation.

Illustrations show adult beetle and larvæ, magnified. The slightest suspicion of either on your premises is the signal to communicate with Chelsea Insecticides, Ltd., at once.



CHELSEA INSECTICIDES Service

CHELSEA INSECTICIDES, LTD.,
125 PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

Telephone : ABBEY 7650.

I wonder where he is?



Twilight.

The sky is filled with
droning . . . droning . . .
Bombers are going out
—I wonder where he is
“—my Peter ?”

He too is going out
somewhere—
—now.

Laughing—
yes, laughing of course !
With his boys.
Jock, his gunner,
Dave the Australian,
Poker Face—second
pilot and Shorty—
the imperturbable :
Cup o'cawfee, Sir ?

To think,
Last week he was home ;
The stories he told
of them . . .
and the old kite—
‘Peter’s Delivery Van !’
Good luck to them—all.
Baby’s asleep, Peter.
Some day—
Some day
You’ll come home
for good.
May that day be soon.

* * * *

We hear the droning, as we listen to the radio and we say “*Lot going over tonight—anything interesting after the news ?*” That droning means anxiety—and may mean sorrow—to many a wakeful woman. Let us not forget that. Let us not be conceited about either our war work or our savings. We owe more to our fighting men than we shall ever repay—for we only lend where they give; and give all ! Consider your savings in the light of *THIS* thought.

Issued by the National Savings Committee

“LEMCO is delicious”



This excellent beef extract
has been handed down
through three generations,
in families who appreciate
really good cooking—
the secret of rich
piquant soups and stews.



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